



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

Prices Paid for Produce and Prices Charged

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

My New York paper prints, every week or so, an article on the "New York Market," containing the retail prices charged consumers in that city for meats, fish, vegetables, etc. The last one at hand has afforded me some interesting comparisons. I happen to be in the territory from which New York city draws a part of its supplies. Buyers are not infrequently here looking up produce for the big market. Consequently I have a fair opportunity to know what prices we producers are offered for certain grades of goods. When I set them down beside the prices which consumers in the big city are charged for similar goods, the result is sometimes startling.

For instance "Corn is 40 cents a dozen this week." But the buyers' offer to me is 50 cents a hundred, or just a trifle over four cents a dozen, for corn to go to New York.

"Muskmelons are 15 cents each." The buyers think they are generous if they offer me a dollar a hundred, or one cent apiece for first quality melons for this same market.

"Cabbages, lettuce and romaine are 10 cents a head." I have been offered \$1.50 a hundred for cabbage to ship to New York, or a cent and a half per head.

"Tomatoes are 15 cents a pound." If I will furnish the crates and the knowers and pay the expressage, I know one commission man will give me almost two cents and a half a pound—provided the tomatoes arrive safely, are all just right, none too ripe and all ripe enough, none specked and none bruised.

"Greening apples are 15 cents a quart." In an ordinary apple barrel there are about eighty quarts, which would be worth at this rate \$12.00. The apple buyers reckon greening apples dear, here, at 12 cents per barrel.

"Celery is 30 cents a ten-stalked bunch." And then they will offer me for it as much as just dealers will offer me for it in quantity.

"Meat is still very high, particularly in the lines of lamb and veal. Rucks of lamb are back to the old figure of 25 cents per pound." So reports the New York paper of the New York retail market. Day before yesterday a buyer for that market came to look over my lamb. He said, "You know that lamb and mutton are way down. All other meats are high but these." So I murmured, sympathetically, "He critically examined my bunch of lambs, which will average about 25 pounds apiece, and offered me \$3.00 a head for them, or four and two-thirds cents a pound!"

Now, do you know that sort of thing makes me slightly mad? If the prices which are offered me are fair, then the prices charged the New York city consumers are outrageous robbery. If, on the other hand, the prices charged consumers in New York city are fair, then the prices offered me are robbery. The fact of the matter is that the producer is swindled somewhere in the progress of those meats and vegetables from producer to consumer. Who gets the benefit of the pillage who can figure out as well as I: certainly the consumer seems justified in his complaints about high prices, and as a certain producer isn't getting any appreciable benefit from them.

Of course, I am not selling things to go to New York. I am selling at the prices which I have noted as having been offered to me or my neighbors. Neither am I getting for them in my own market any figure as high as the city consumers are paying. But, just to make the thing seem substantial and concrete, let's suppose that I had sold at the prices offered a hundred cases of corn, and a hundred muskmelons, and a hundred cabbages, and a hundred pounds of tomatoes, and a barrel of greening apples, and a hundred bunches of celery and ten 75-pound lambs. I should have got for the lot \$51.25. The consumers in New York city would have paid for exactly that same lot at the retail prices quoted, \$238.96. This is a difference of \$187.70—pretty fair profit on an investment of \$51.25, eh? Put it another way: Of every \$239 which the New York consumer pays for his truck of goods, the producer gets only \$51.25, or 21 cents goes for the stuff itself and \$187.75 to pay the handlers in between. More than three-quarters of the cost to the consumer is for somebody's service and somebody's profit less than one-quarter for the meat and vegetables he eats.

Now I don't know how much of this three-quarters is taken by the railroads for freight, and how much by the buyer, and how much by the "jobber," and how much by the retailer. I do know, however, that there is something mighty rotten in the state of Denmark and the United States of America when it costs three times as much to get a cabbage from the farm on Potomac Flats to the kitchen on Seventy-second street as the cabbage itself is worth. I do know either that I ought to get more for those greening apples, or that the consumer is paying about ten times too much. And I'm beginning to think that it's time for a big revolution in the way of getting foodstuffs from producer to consumer. If the result of our hundred years of private business enterprise, where every man gets all he can and gives as little as he must, is nothing better than this sort of thing, it is time that some new theory of business were worked out.

I'm not a socialist. I have always had a strong aversion to the word "socialism" and the thing which it is known by that name. But I hate hogs and hogishness even more than crankiness and idealism. It used to be a theory of economists that prices would give rise to the right level of individual competition were allowed full swing.

The trouble is that the days of individual competition have gone by. Practically everything is in the hands of a trust or a combination of trust, and "individual competition" has a ticket for the poorhouse in its hand. The minute it opens shop for itself, it is organized for mutual destruction, later, to be met by organization for self-defense. Lots of wise folks tell me that effective organization of producers and consumers is impossible. I don't believe it. I think it is possible, just as soon as people can get into their heads the idea that business is an opportunity for mutual advantage, and not a pretext for mutual throat-cutting or pocket-picking. But perhaps I am wrong; perhaps my idea of human nature is too ideal. Perhaps we're bound to keep on, unimpaired and forever, in the present grab-bag game, where the biggest bully with the longest arm gets the prizes and weaker people get the bruises and the empty packages. If so—if things are really as bad as that—then we shall have to take cover in so much socialism as will be involved in a public oversight and regulation of all business. Moreover, if that last thing comes, it won't be in so gentle and fatherly a fashion as the regulation of railroad rates has come.

I own up that I dread the thought of all this government paternalism. It's a poor way to try to make people good by law. Furthermore, it can't be done; at least, it never has been done. All that law can do is to deter a part of the bad men, a part of the lawless, from exploiting their badness. Law may make it harder or more dangerous to commit crime, but it can't reform the criminal. You can fence your house into their yard, but you can't change them into human beings, fence you never so cunningly. They'll remain hogs and they'll go through or under your fence, if they ever find the chance. And then it's your good-bye to your staked corn and your towe clover.

What is wanted is a system of mutual organization and co-operation by which the direct agent of a bunch of consumers shall deal with the direct agent of a bunch of producers, making it possible for the producer to get all his products at a fair price, and the consumer to get his full money's worth—less his equally fair share of transportation and agents' need more law nor more government supervision to bring this about. It means simply a practical application of practical common sense to a practical problem.

One of the things that makes me most ardent in my advocacy of co-operation is that it will prevent, at least in part, the present, unending deeper and deeper into debt, into socialism. It's the only way I can see to avoid that undesirable consumption. Perhaps you may be a little doubtful about the practicality of the value of co-operation. But if you're like the other farmers I know, you share my dread of socialistic government. And, even if Co-operation is not exactly the port of choice, isn't it better than to arrive on the reefs of socialism and endanger not only the good ship of state, but the invaluable freight of THE FARMER?

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The trouble is that the days of individual competition have gone by. Practically everything is in the hands of a trust or a combination of trust, and "individual competition" has a ticket for the poorhouse in its hand. The minute it opens shop for itself, it is organized for mutual destruction, later, to be met by organization for self-defense. Lots of wise folks tell me that effective organization of producers and consumers is impossible. I don't believe it. I think it is possible, just as soon as people can get into their heads the idea that business is an opportunity for mutual advantage, and not a pretext for mutual throat-cutting or pocket-picking. But perhaps I am wrong; perhaps my idea of human nature is too ideal. Perhaps we're bound to keep on, unimpaired and forever, in the present grab-bag game, where the biggest bully with the longest arm gets the prizes and weaker people get the bruises and the empty packages. If so—if things are really as bad as that—then we shall have to take cover in so much socialism as will be involved in a public oversight and regulation of all business. Moreover, if that last thing comes, it won't be in so gentle and fatherly a fashion as the regulation of railroad rates has come.

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AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

If folks asked more questions they might know more about things and about folks.

Cy Cymbal says he wishes the harvest season lasted forever. He likes to deal with results.

Bill Bangs says that sheep killed by dogs always bring a good price and the loser of the sheep is not so careful about counting as he should be.

Samantha Psalter says she's going to join the suffragettes, for she is conscious she has been a force for some time. The neighbors are all conscious of it, too.

When the corn crop is too big to handle and you cannot get help, it is a source of worry.

The farmers have their guns loaded with buckshot and when the season opens they will cooer the state's tame deer.

A bird in the bush is better to the farmer than two birds in the hand.

Sarah says I have too many hand-storms; but I don't think that she creates more'n half of them.

Parson Dawson says the man who thinks everyone else is dishonest is a safe man to suspect.

The reason old bachelors lack inventive power is because they have no partners to prepare excuses for.

The Parson has married a great many people for better or worse, and he ain't wise enough to tell which.

Some people think that they are superior to an interrogation point, but they do not always find their place as accurately.

If some neighbors call too often, just try to borrow \$5 of them and they will steer clear.

Ebenezer Psalter always spends his energy on pumpkins, and he has a pumpkin crop that excites a city like New York.

The man who is good to animals has good animals. Human meanness will beget meanness in a dog.

is entertaining her sister, Mrs. James Eldridge of Old Mystic.

Mrs. Church of Barrington is the guest of Miss Lottie Burdick.

ARCADIA
Cook and Tillingsham Nominated by Democratic Caucus.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kennedy of New York are guests of Mrs. Kennedy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barber.

E. M. Cook of Pine Hill was nominated for senator and E. M. Tillingsham for representative by a democratic caucus held at the town hall on Tuesday.

T. H. Barber and G. B. Reynolds went to Providence Tuesday.

Col. Frank W. Tillingsham and family of Johnston, R. I., passed through this place calling on friends Sunday.

William Lewis has gone to Noos Neck Hill and is working for Willis A. Carr.

The political contest promises to be very interesting in this town and state this fall.

HOPKINTON.
Hon. E. R. Allen and wife returned last week Thursday from an enjoyable visit in South Willington and a pleasure trip to Hartford, Springfield, Mt. Holyoke, Mt. Tom and the Hoosac mountains.

News reached here Tuesday of the death of the wife of Rev. John Jerge and of John F. Bitgood, both aged residents of North Hopkinton.

It is reported that Victor H. Crandall and family will occupy November 1 the tenement soon to be vacated by Rev. L. E. Randolph.

Peter R. Avery of Hope Valley was here Tuesday.

Rev. E. P. Mathewson occupied the pulpit of the Wood River Junction Congregational church last Sunday morning.

MUSIC AND DRAMA
A road company of "Alas Jimmy Valente" will be here, directed by the Labels and the original company will remain in New York.

Madame Bertha Kalich will open her season in the New Bedford opera house on October 17. The star of the performance will be Edna Trentini.

Craig Campbell tenor soloist at the Little Church Arcadia will be to appear in a new musical play about November 1.

John Cort is to produce a musical comedy to be called "Mamie Levee," with music by Miss Bessie Bonell. It is called "Mamie Elfr." J. Forbes-Robertson is to appear for two weeks, beginning October 3, at the Little Church Arcadia. The New Bedford Two-Passing of the Third Floor Back.



THE SOCIAL CORNER

Where There is No Love All is Faults

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$250 to first; \$150 to second; \$100 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

SHALL WE BROADEN THE SOCIAL CORNER?

The Social Corner is going to invite the chatty young people to join. It may spread itself into a family circle and invite the men to do a little domestic writing. This Corner is like a motorbus in which there is always room for one more. A gossip letter upon "The Color of the Moon" is just as acceptable as one on "How the Doughnut Came to Be Modeled 'Round a Hole.'" The recipes for Fall preserves make the Corner spicy enough just now, and it would be somewhat improved by a jollier or two. In its practical helpfulness the Corner has more than met our expectations and it has merited the commendation it has received from contributors; but this Social Corner must be made one of the best family departments in print, and we can accomplish this by keeping alive to its various needs. The letter writers should not be afraid of crowding our space.

Vacations Are Over.

Editor Social Corner: The vacations are over which have been a great pleasure to some and sorrow to others, and our friends are returning to the city and the village and the country homes to resume their different occupations in life.

The long evenings will soon be here and one could not pass off the time any better than writing up something interesting for the Social Corner. We are following the writers weekly, and reading their letters with much interest. I cannot follow all the recipes we read—if we did, the house would be full of everything from "Devil Ham" to "Angel Cake."

While we do not understand cooking we will give the readers of the Social Corner two receipts which we know to be good and hope they may be useful to some of the readers.

A Cure for Erysipelas: From an old Indian doctor, which cured my mother when all other remedies failed: Take three new oyster shells, put them in the stove until they are red hot, then put them into a bunch of cold water, when cold take the shells out and use the water several times each day, the oftener the better. This simple remedy cured the erysipelas in my mother's face, which was spreading daily in spite of all the doctors could do.

How to Cook a Husband: Use a preserving kettle of porcelain; see that the husband in which you want him is nicely washed and mended; tie him in the kettle with a strong silk cord called "cook" (like lobster). Make a clear, steady fire, out of love, neatness and cheerfulness; add a little sugar in the form of kisses, but no pepper or vinegar on any account. Do not pierce him with a fork to see if he is tender; stir him gently and watch him closely and you will not fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very docile, agreeing to the children and obedient to you, keep as long as you want unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

Danielson. RURAL DELIVERY.
To Remove Grass Stains: It is a duty to be kind toward everybody, and the whole world within us are ruled by law. To the sister who would like to have a recipe for grass stains. They are dissolved by alcohol; if on white goods, wash with alcohol and water, and remove them; if on any delicate color use alcohol and afterward wipe the spots with a clean white cloth, moistened with water, then dry. Green stains from grass or vegetables may also be removed with molasses, then washed in cold water. I've just taken a grass stain out of white cloth that was on my dress and dried it. I used the use of molasses spread on and let it sit soaked through, and washed in cold water twice and washed again with soap, and then hot water turned through and rubbed again. When dried no green was to be seen.

Success to all of the Social Cornerers!
Moosup. A Wife's Duty: Editor Social Corner: I find myself asking myself what life duty is? It seems to me that it lies primarily in the love of God, and the efficient home service. Living for the elevation of myself and for the good and comfort of others. I conceive that each member of a family must live as a career and live it governed by the principles indicated and the interpretation each one puts upon life and duty. It is part of a parent's duty to instruct and advise children for their own good, but they cannot be compelled to live the life another has planned for them. The force of good example is sometimes beneficial, but it is not the duty of a parent to do some things which annoy me and I doubtless say and do things which disturb him. I have ceased to nag him. I will not have him nag me. I have learned the value of silence where other men and women voice critical remarks which lead to family disturbances. We are two individuals with different tastes and must live our own relation to my family and social circle. I am not a governor of any one else, hence the peace is conserved and I find considerable enjoyment.

Plainfield. CLARA.
A Home-Made Cough Remedy: Editor Social Corner: Now that cold weather is coming it is well enough to have on hand ready remedies for colds. A cold promptly attended to will soon be cured while a cold neglected leads to serious consequences. Here is an old fashioned remedy for a cough, made of slippery elm, flaxseed and sugar: Soak a gill of whole flaxseed in half a pint of boiling water for an hour, then strain through a muslin cloth into a saucepan containing a gill and a half of granulated sugar; squeeze out all the "tea" you can from each of the bags and stir into the sugar, and add the sugar. The mixture is to be taken after it has cooled to candy, after it has cooled to candy, add the juice of two lemons to the mixture. When it is cooled add a little more sugar, and stir it into a shallow, well greased pan, and mark off into squares before it hardens. Good for the children's "fall coughs."

These good do not over-eat or who bath face and neck in cold water selected.

by adding corn starch, eggs, or whatever one prefers, so that when it is cut in squares to fit the wafer there will be no dropping to pieces. Of course square tins are best for making. I have used cream of wheat for the foundation making it about one-fourth of an inch thick. All kinds of "unified" food does nicely. I chopped dates, a pear and a peach together and used no sugar. The sample was good. I have numerous names for the little pies. Time to close my letter.

Norwich. BLANCHÉ.
MEETING CHRISTMAS HALF WAY.
Editor Social Corner: Christmas does not come but once a year; and to many people of limited means that is often enough, for it is a severe tax unless methodically dealt with. When a body begins to prepare for Christmas in October, the work is more complete, and more easily accomplished. To begin early to plan and to do makes the task much easier. So many little things can be gotten together during the next few months, and having them on hand will leave many a weary hour later on when the work of the season crowds. Many pretty things can be made at odd times, and at little expense; and odd things may be bought very much cheaper in the stores than when the stock is fancy, and the prices are too. One who has tried this plan where means are short, declares that it is the ideal way of accomplishing the work. Those who would lighten up the burden might give the plan a trial.

Danielson. RUTH.

TO PROPERLY WASH TROUSERS.
Editor Social Corner: There are so many ways of doing things that the better way is often lost sight of, although that is what all are seeking after. It might be a help to young women to know how to properly wash trousers, as a professional does it, for they look more ship-shape when done. First shake or brush out all dust and lint. Turn wrong side out, wash in warm (not hot) soap suds, rubbing and squeezing with the hands. Do not rub soap on any part, except the worst spots, which should be treated before the garment goes into the wash, rinse through two rinses waters, not wringing, but allowing them to drip as you squeeze them. After the last rinse, turn wrong side out, and hang out of doors in a perfectly shady place, pinning them to the line by the waistband, using enough pins so they may